

And leads the will to desperate Vndertakings,  
As oft as any passion vnder Heauen,  
That does afflict our Natures. I am forrie,  
What haue you giuen him any hard words of late?  
*Ophe.* No my good Lord: but as you did command,  
I did repell his Letters, and deny'de  
His access to me.

*Pol.* That hath made him mad.  
I am forrie that with better speed and iudgement  
I had not quored him. I feare he did but trifle,  
And meant to wracke thee: but he shewd my ielousie:  
It seemes it is as proper to our Age,  
To cast beyond our selues in our Opinions,  
As it is common for the yonger sort  
To lacke discretion. Come, go we to the King,  
This must be knowne, & being kept close might moue  
More greefe to hide, then hate to vtter loue. *Exeunt.*

## Scena Secunda.

*Enter King, Queene, Rosinocrane, and Guilden-  
sterne Cumalijs.*

*King.* Welcome deere *Rosinocrane* and *Guildensterne*.  
Moreouer, that we much did long to see you,  
The neede we haue to vse you, did prouoke  
Our hasty sending. Something haue you heard  
Of *Hamlets* transformation: so I call it,  
Since not th'exterior, nor the inward man  
Resembles that it was. What it should bee  
More then his Fathers death, that thus hath put him  
So much from th'vnderstanding of himselfe,  
I cannot deeme of. I intreat you both,  
That being of so young dayes brought vp with him:  
And since to Neighbour'd to his youth, and humour,  
That you vouchsafe your rest heere in our Court  
Some little time: so by your Companies  
To draw him on to pleasures, and to gather  
So much as from Occasions you may gleane,  
That open'd lies within our remedie.

*Qu.* Good Gentlemen, he hath much talk'd of you,  
And sure I am, two men there are not liuing,  
To whom he more adheres. If it will please you  
To shew vs so much Gentrie, and good will,  
As to expend your time with vs a while,  
For the supply and profit of our Hope,  
Your Visitation shall receiue such thanks  
As fits a Kings remembrance.

*Rosin.* Both your Maiesties  
Might by the Soueraigne power you haue of vs,  
Put your dread pleasures, more into Command  
Then to Entreatie.

*Gul.* We both obey,  
And here giue vp our selues, in the full bent,  
To lay our Seruices freely at your feete,  
To be commanded.

*King.* Thankes *Rosinocrane*, and gentle *Guildensterne*.

*Qu.* Thankes *Guildensterne* and gentle *Rosinocrane*.  
And I beseech you instantly to visit  
My too much changed Sonne.

Go some of ye,  
And bring the Gentlemen where *Hamlet* is.

*Gul.* Heavens make our presence and our praefises  
Pleasant and helpfull to him. *Exeunt.*

*Queene.* Amen.

*Enter Polonius.*

*Pol.* Th' Ambassadors from Norway, my good Lord,  
Are ioyfully return'd.

*King.* Thou still hast bin the Father of good Newes.

*Pol.* Haue I, my Lord? Assure you, my good Liege,  
I hold my dutie, as I hold my Soule,

Both to my God, one to my gracious King:  
And I do thinke, or else this braine of mine

Hunts not the traile of Policie, so sure  
As I haue vs'd to do: that I haue found

The very cause of *Hamlets* Lunacie.

*King.* Oh speake of that, that I do long to heare.

*Pol.* Giue first admittance to th' Ambassadors,  
My Newes shall be the Newes to that great Feast.

*King.* Thy selfe do grace to them, and bring them in.  
He tells me my sweet *Queene*, that he hath found

The head and fource of all your Sonnes distemper.

*Qu.* I doubt it is no other, but the maine,  
His Fathers death, and our o're-hasty Marriage.

*Enter Polonius, Voltumand, and Cornelius.*  
*King.* Well, we shall sift him. Welcome good Friends:  
Say *Voltumand*, what from our Brother Norway?

*Pol.* Most faire returne of Greetings, and Desires,  
Vpon our first, he sent out to suppreffe

His Nephewes Leuiues, which to him appear'd  
To be a preparation 'gainst the Poleak:

But better look'd into, he truly found  
It was against your Highnesse, whereat greued,

That to his Sicknesse, Age, and Impotence  
Was falsely borne in hand, sends out Arrests

On *Fortinbras*, which he (in breefe) obeyes,  
Receiues rebuke from Norway: and in fine,

Makes Vow before his Vnkle, neuer more  
To giue th'assay of Armes against your Maiestie.

Whereon old Norway, overcome with ioy,  
Giues him three thousand Crownes in Annuall Fee,

And his Commission to imploy those Soldiers  
So leui'd as before, against the Poleak:

With an intreaty heerein further shewne,  
That it might please you to giue quiet passe

Through your Dominions, for his Enterprize,  
On such regards of safety and allowance,

As therein are set downe.

*King.* It likes vs well:  
And at our more consider'd time wee'l read,

Answer, and thinke vpon this Businesse.  
Meane time we thanke you, for your well-tooke Labour.

Go to your rest, at night wee'l feast together.  
Most welcome home. *Exit Ambass.*

*Pol.* This businesse is very well ended.  
My Liege, and Madam, to expostulate

What Maiestie should be, what Dutie is,  
Why day is day; night, night; and time is time,

Were nothing but to waste Night, Day and Time.  
Therefore, since Breuitie is the Soule of Wit,

And tediousnesse, the limbes and outward flourish,  
I will be breefe. Your Noble Sonne is mad:

Mad call I it; for to define true Madnesse,  
What is't, but to be nothing else but mad.

But let that go.

*Qu.* More matter, with lesse Art.

*Pol.* Madam, I sweare I vse no Art at all:  
That he is mad, 'tis true: 'Tis true 'tis pittie,

And pittie it is true: A foolish figure,  
But farewell it: for I will vse no Art. *Mad*

Mad let vs grant him then: and now remains  
That we finde out the cause of this effect,

Or rather say, the cause of this defect;  
For this effect defective, comes by cause,

Thus it remains, and the remainder thus. Perpend,  
I haue a daughter: haue, whilst she is mine,

Who in her Dutie and Obedience, marke,  
Hath giuen me this: now gather, and surmise.

*The Letter.*

To the Celestiall, and my Soules Idoll, the most beautified O-  
phelia.

That's an ill Phrase, a wilde Phrase, beautified is a wilde  
Phrase: but you shall heare these in her excellent white

bosome, these.

*Qu.* Came this from *Hamlet* to her.

*Pol.* Good Madam stay awhile, I will be faithfull.  
*Doubt thou, the Starres are fire,*

*Doubt, that the Sunne doth moue:*  
*Doubt Truth to be a Lier,*

*But neuer Doubt, I loue.*  
*O deere Ophelia, I am ill at these Numbers: I haue not Art to*

*reghon my grones; but that I loue thee best, oh most Best be-  
lieue it. Adieu.*

*Thine ever more most deere Lady, whilst this  
Machine is to him, Hamlet.*

This in Obedience hath my daughter shew'd me:  
And more about hath his soliciting,

As they fell out by Time, by Meanes, and Place,  
All giuen to mine care.

*King.* But how hath she receiv'd his Loue?

*Pol.* What do you thinke of me?

*King.* As of a man, faithfull and Honourable.

*Pol.* I wold faine proue so. But what might you thinke?  
When I had seene this hot loue on the wing,

As I perceiv'd it, I must tell you that  
Before my Daughter told me, what might you

Or my deere Maiestie your *Queene* heere, thinke,  
If I had play'd the Deske or Table-booke,

Or giuen my heart a winking, mute and dumbe,  
Or look'd vpon this Loue, with idle sight,

What might you thinke? No, I went round to worke,  
And (my yong Mistress) thus I did bespeake

Lord *Hamlet* is a Prince out of thy Starre,  
This must not be: and then, I Precepts gaue her,

That she should locke her selfe from his Resort,  
Admit no Messengers, receiue no Tokens:

Which done, sheooke the Fruits of my Aduice,  
And he repul'd. A short Tale to make,

Fell into a Sadnesse, then into a Fast,  
Thence to a Watch, thence into a Weaknesse,

Thence to a Lightnesse, and by this declension  
Into the Madnesse whereon now he rages,

And all we waile for.

*King.* Do you thinke 'tis this?

*Qu.* It may be very likely.

*Pol.* Hath there bene such a time, I de faine know that,  
That I haue possitively said, 'tis so,

When it prou'd otherwise?

*King.* Not that I know.

*Pol.* Take this from this; if this be otherwise,  
If Circumstances leade me, I will finde

Where truth is hid, though it were hid indeede  
Within the Center.

*King.* How may we try it further?

*Pol.* You know sometimes  
He walkes foure houres together, heere

In the Lobby.

*Qu.* So he ha's indeed.

*Pol.* At such a time Ile loose my Daughter to him,  
Be you and I behinde an Artas then,

Marke the encounter: If he loue her not,  
And be not from his reason false thereon;

Let me be no Assistant for a State,  
And keepe a Farme and Carters.

*King.* We will try it.

*Enter Hamlet reading on a Booke.*

*Qu.* But looke where sadly the poore wretch  
Comes reading.

*Pol.* Away I do beseech you, both away,  
He boord him presently. *Exit King & Queen.*

Oh giue me leaue. How does my good Lord *Hamlet*?

*Ham.* Well, God-a-mercy.

*Pol.* Do you know me, my Lord?

*Ham.* Excellent, excellent well: y'are a Fishmonger.

*Pol.* Not I my Lord.

*Ham.* Then I would you were so honest a man.

*Pol.* Honest, my Lord?

*Ham.* I sir, to be honest as this world goes, is to bee  
one man pick'd out of two thousand.

*Pol.* That's very true, my Lord.

*Ham.* For if the Sun breed Magots in a dead dogge,  
being a good kissing Carrion—

Haue you a daughter?

*Pol.* I haue my Lord.

*Ham.* Let her not walke i'th' Sunne: Conception is a  
blesing, but not as your daughter may conceiue, Friend  
looke too't.

*Pol.* How say you by that? Still harping on my daugh-  
ter: yet he knew me not at first; he said I was a Fishmon-  
ger: he is farre gone, farre gone: and truly in my youth,  
I suffred much extremitie for loue: very neere this. He  
speake to him againe. What do you read my Lord?

*Ham.* Words, words, words.

*Pol.* What is the matter, my Lord?

*Ham.* Betweene who?

*Pol.* I meane the matter you meane, my Lord.

*Ham.* Slanders Sir: for the Satyricall slave saies here,  
that old men haue gray Beards; that their faces are wrin-  
kled; their eyes purging thicke Amber, or Plum-Tree  
Gumme: and that they haue a plentifullocke of Wit,  
together with weake Hammes. All which Sir, though I  
most powerfully, and potently beleue; yet I holde it  
not Honestie to haue it thus set downe: For you your  
selfe Sir, should be old as I am, if like a Crab you could  
go backward.

*Pol.* Though this be madnesse,  
Yet there is Method in't: will you walke

Out of the ayre my Lord?

*Ham.* Into my Graue?

*Pol.* Indeed that is out o'th' Ayre:  
How pregnant (sometimes) his Replies are?

A happinesse,  
That often Madnesse hits on,

Which Reason and Sanitie could not  
So prosperously be deliuer'd of.

I will leaue him,  
And sodainely contriue the meanes of meeting

Betweene him, and my daughter.

*King.* How may we try it further?

*Pol.* You know sometimes  
My Honourable Lord, I will most humbly  
Take my leaue of you.